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THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

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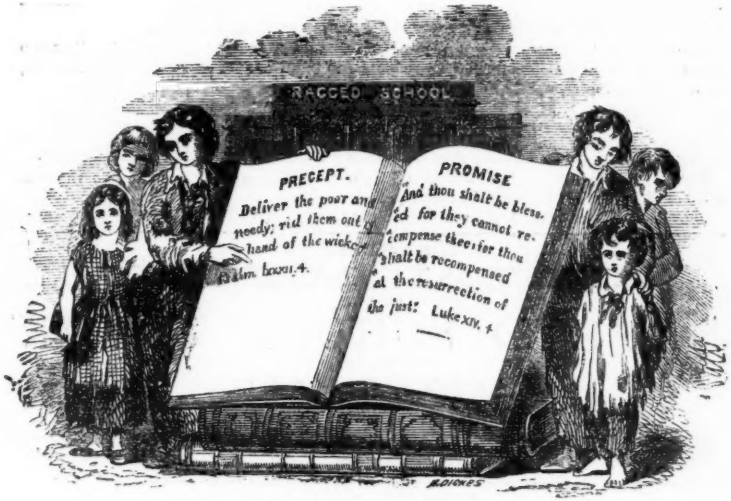
RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked.
Psalm. lxxxii. 4.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke xiv. 4.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Papers, Original and Selected—	
Ragged Schools Reviewed. The Tree and its Fruits	49
The Dublin Ragged Schools	54
A New Night Refuge	59
Copy of Address presented to Mr. S. R. Starey, at the Annual Meeting of the Nottingham Ragged School, Feb. 22, 1864.	61
"This Thy Brother"	61
Thoughts on Reading an Appeal	65
Encouragement and Hope	65
The Children's Gallery—	
The Giving-Day	69
Poetry—	
The Outcast Children's Cry	70
The Teachers' Column—	
The Short Verse	71
Notices of Meetings—	
Cudworth and North Street Ragged Schools	72
Dove Row Ragged School.—Slave Life	72

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of parcels of clothing from Capt. Reed, Mrs. Reade, Mr. C. J. Argus, and Miss J. Hill.

Donations of left-off wearing apparel, and books for school libraries, will be thankfully received by Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

ERRATUM LAST MONTH'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—For "a parcel of clothing, &c., from the Highgate Ladies' Working Party for Lamb and Flag; Miss Crooke and Miss Bodkin, a roll of linsey for Lamb and Flag," read, a parcel from Highgate Ladies' Working Party for George Yard; a roll of linsey for Lamb and Flag from Miss Bodkin; and a parcel of shirts, &c., from Miss Crooke.

SCHOLARS' PRIZE MEETING.

The Meeting for Distributing the Prizes awarded by the Committee of the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION to Scholars for having remained in one place for at least Twelve Months, with good character, will be held in

EXETER HALL, STRAND,

On WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16th, 1864.

The Right Hon. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G., will preside.

The Scholars will begin to assemble at Five o'clock, Tea will be supplied to them at Six o'clock, and the Chair will be taken at Seven.

Tickets are issued from 1, Exeter Hall, Strand.

THE TWENTIETH

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

WILL BE HELD IN

EXETER HALL,

ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 9TH, 1864.

The Right Hon. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.,

Will take the Chair at Six o'clock precisely.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO OFFICERS AND TEACHERS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Special Meetings for Thanksgiving and Prayer.—The Committee of the Ragged School Union earnestly desire that, on Sunday, May 1st, 1864, Special Meetings be convened in connection with the Schools, for Thanksgiving and Prayer, that God's blessing may rest upon the Ragged School Union Meeting, and give success to the Ragged School effort throughout the coming year.

VACANCIES having occurred in several Schools for EVENING MASTERS, Candidates can send applications to Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand.

PAID RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

(EASTERN DIVISION).

A LECTURE will be delivered on Saturday, March 12th, 1864, by Mr. HARDY, in Sun Street Ragged School. Subject: Singing, showing the Method of Teaching Scholars by the Tonic Sol-fa system to be both simple and efficient.

LECTURE TO COMMENCE AT THREE O'CLOCK.

SIZE 8½ INCHES BY 5½ INCHES.

Preparing for publication. Will be ready to deliver on the 7th April, 1864.

A PORTRAIT OF

The Right Hon. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

Engraved on Steel by JOSEPH BROWN, from a Photograph just taken by Messrs. WALKER & SONS.

Proof impressions, on India Paper, 2s. 6d. each; to be delivered in order as subscribed.

Names received by, and impressions obtained of, Mr. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand.

The profits, if any, to be devoted to the funds of the Ragged School Union.

GOLDEN LANE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THESE Schools are situated in one of the lowest districts of the City of London, containing a population of about 10,000. They have been in operation nearly *Seventeen* Years, and in the Day, Evening, and Sunday Schools from 500 to 600 poor Children receive Free Education. The Committee have lately been obliged to lease New Premises, the adapting and fittings of which have cost about £300. Towards this sum the Committee of the Ragged School Union have promised £60; Samuel Morley, Esq., £50; W. H. Goschen, Esq., M.P., £10 10s.; and other friends about £35; leaving nearly £150 yet to be raised.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by Mr. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, or by the Treasurer of the School, Mr. FRANCIS CUTHBERTSON, 34, Arundel Square, N.

DOVE ROW RAGGED SCHOOLS.

AN APPEAL FOR £250.

THESE Schools have been established eight years, and have had an average attendance of fully 200 scholars, and numbers are refused admittance for want of room. The Committee have just obtained the lease of their present building (which is unsafe through dilapidation), and they propose to erect two plain, healthy school-rooms, capable of accommodating about 300 scholars. To accomplish this about £400 is needed, £150 of which has been received or promised; and they now appeal to a generous public to assist in collecting the balance. Also £180 per annum is needed to meet current expenses; and the Schools being unconnected with any congregation, are entirely dependent upon the exertion of friends.

Contributions will be thankfully received by JOHN RAINS, Treasurer, 11, Great Tower Street, E.C.; by GEORGE KELSEY, Hon. Secretary, 2, Parkfield Terrace, King Edward's Road, Hackney, N.E.; and by Mr. J. G. GENT, Secretary of the Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, who would give further information if required.

N.B.—See the Report of the Examination of the Children of the Day Schools in "The Ragged School Union Magazine," for December, 1863.

HULL RAGGED & INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS (Certified).

WANTED, a SECRETARY for the above Institution. Salary £80. He must be fully qualified to undertake the constant supervision of the Schools, and his heart must be in the work. Apply, by letter, to the Hon. Secretaries, Hull Ragged and Industrial Schools, Marlborough Terrace, Hull.

HARPER TWELVETREES' GLYCERINE SOAP POWDER.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS BY PROFESSOR VERSMANN, Consulting and Analytical Chemist, London.

"Sir,—I have analyzed your Glycerine Soap Powder, and have found it to be a compound of such materials as are used in the manufacture of soap, as described in your Royal Letters Patent, of 22nd August, 1862."

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS BY DR. FRIEDRICH OLSHAUSEN, Professor of Chemistry, Hamburg.

"My analysis of your Glycerine Soap Powder entirely confirms the favourable report of Professor Versmann. The efficiency and harmlessness of the Powder is to be explained by the purity of the ingredients used in its preparation. One of the greatest recommendations of your Glycerine Soap Powder is, that it IS SOAP in a very pure and concentrated form."

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MR. ROBERT WOOLWARD, Abbotsbury House Laundry, Southampton.

"I find your 'Glycerine Soap Powder' to be the very best article I can use in my Steam Laundry, and intend to use nothing else in my establishment."—May 12th, 1863.

MRS. G. AYLING, Dane Hill, Uckfield, Sussex.

"Your 'Glycerine Soap Powder' is really a very excellent article. I wish it was more known among our Country Labourers' Wives. It would be invaluable to them."—Feb. 6th, 1863.

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Dodd's Pulmonic Cough Syrup,

A Safe and Effectual Cure for Coughs, Colds, Shortness of Breath, Influenza, and all Complaints of the Chest and Lungs.

In consequence of the variable climate of England, few persons escape during the winter months from severe Colds and Coughs, which, from want of early and due attention, lay the foundation of alarming and often fatal disease, neglected Cough being the forerunner of consumption. Formidable as Coughs and Colds frequently prove to be, the proprietor of this Medicine feels perfect confidence in stating, that if it is taken as directed, a speedy cure will be the happy result.

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Dodd's Gout and Rheumatic Pills.

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J. E. E. respectfully begs to inform the Clergy, Superintendents of Schools, and others who are in the practice of commemorating their Anniversaries, etc., by Public Breakfasts and Tea Meetings, that he has every requisite for such occasions, comprising Tables, Coppers, and China to any extent, in a superior style, at extremely moderate charges.

J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

Rout Seats on Reasonable Terms. Vans, and every requisite for Excursion Parties, with the entire Management, taken by Contract.

COMMUNICATIONS BY POST IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

References are kindly permitted to be made to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union and the Temperance League.

PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUGHS in Ten Minutes after use, and Instant Relief and a Rapid Cure of Asthma, Consumption, Influenza, Colds, and all Disorders of the Breath, Throat, and Lungs, are insured by

Which have a most agreeable taste.

ANOTHER CURE OF ASTHMATIC COUGH.—From Mr. J. Sergeant, Bookseller, Linton. "Mr. Mitchell, of Abingdon, for upwards of 12 months had been suffering from a cough and oppression of the chest. He has been under the treatment of surgeons, without any benefit, but before he took half of a small box of Wafers he experienced almost miraculous relief, and has since continued in health."

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief and a rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs. All Throat Affections are immediately relieved by allowing one occasionally to dissolve in the mouth. To singers and public speakers they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all Medicine-venders. CAUTION.—Every box of the GENUINE Medicine has the words, "DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS" in *white letters* on a *red ground* in the Government Stamp, without which words ALL ARE COUNTERFEITS AND AN IMPOSITION.

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STATISTICS SHOW THAT 50,000 PERSONS annually fall victims to Pulmonary Disorders, including Consumption, Diseases of the Chest and the Respiratory Organs. Prevention is at all times better than cure; be, therefore, prepared, during the wet and winter season, with a supply of KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which possess the virtue of averting as well as of curing a Cough or Cold. They are good alike for the young or for the aged.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine-venders in the World.

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LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE AND REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

PRESIDENT, REV. CANON DALE.

The Homes entirely dependent on the Committee for support, are—

No. 1, 200, Euston Road, N.W. *Exclusively for friendless young women of good character.*

No. 2, 5, Great Camden Street, Oakley Square, N.W. *Reformatory.*

No. 3, 5, Parson's Green, Fulham, S.W. *Reformatory.*

No. 4, 18, Cornwall Place, Holloway Road, N. *Reformatory.*

No. 5, 51, New Cross Road, S.E. *Reformatory.*

These Homes will accommodate at least 110 inmates.
Total number of poor young women admitted to the benefits of this Institution, 1,150.
Young women may be admitted at any time, room and funds permitting.
The entire work is dependent upon voluntary support.
The Committee appeal to every Christian to help them according to their means, in order to save the outcast from perishing.

Contributions in Post Office Orders, Cheques, &c., will be thankfully received by
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.
Mr. FRANCIS NICHOLLS, 5, Thornhill Crescent, Caledonian Road, N.
Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, N.W.

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TRADE MARK

MORE CLEANLY,
MORE BRILLIANT,
POLISHES MORE QUICKLY,
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First, because more is given for the money; secondly, because it is less wasteful; and lastly, because a little goes further than any other kind.

Sold by Oilmen, Italian Warehousemen, Grocers, and Ironmongers.

RECKITT & SONS,
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.; AND HULL.

Papers, Original and Selected.

RAGGED SCHOOLS REVIEWED.

THE TREE AND ITS FRUITS.

THIS is a day of earnestness both in the world and in the Church. Social philosophers and philanthropists have not in vain lifted up the curtain which hid from public view the homes and the haunts of the suffering and the destitute classes, whether criminal or simply unfortunate. While describing the haunts and the habits of our social outlaws, they have shown with terrible distinctness that there are British heathen as deeply sunk in vice and misery as the Fijian or the Kaffir. Many, too, illustrious either by birth or by genius, have awoke to their duty to their poorer brethren; and not a few, either as district visitors or as teachers, have personally engaged in this great crusade against social vice and misery: for all classes, more or less, practically recognise the old Bible truth, that as "God made all men of one blood," whatever be their social status, or personal virtues or vices, they are all sons of the same great Father, and have the same eternal destinies. This has caused classes widely separated by social habits to fraternize; and in so doing they have learnt that under the ermine of the peer as well as under the rags of the beggar the same great human heart is beating.

The Church of Christ, too, has awoke from a slumber nigh unto death. For long years forgetful of the resurrection-commission of its Master, to "preach the Gospel to *every* creature," it was not aggressive, and the missionary spirit which actuated the first believers seemed to be extinct. Content with the personal enjoyment of religious privileges, it scarcely attempted to illumine the dark places of the earth, or the not less dark alleys and by-ways of our great cities, with the light of that glorious Gospel which is the sole pharos to the city which hath no night. Happily, however, the Spirit of God has aroused the disciples of Christ to their great mission, and there is scarcely any portion of heathendom, whether at home or abroad, where Christians are not saying in earnest accents, "We are journeying unto the place of which Jehovah said, I will give it

you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good" (Numb. x. 29).

It is this sense of responsibility to Christ which led the pioneers of Ragged Schools about twenty years ago to open those valuable institutions in the very midst of the crime-gardens of London. Whatever be the plan adopted or the agency employed, the promoters had but one object in view, and that from the very first they have kept steadily in sight; namely, the salvation of the outcast and the destitute, the prevention of crime in the young, and the moral reclamation of the old. Nor have their labours been in vain; for Ragged Schools have, through the Divine benediction, fully proved that true practical Christianity is equal to heal every social ulcer as well as all moral diseases. For not a few criminals have been tamed whom the bars of a jail failed to intimidate; and thousands, both at home and abroad, on the broad ocean or in the sheep-pastures of Australia, are winning their bread honestly, and are thus supplying an argument for Ragged Schools too marked to be gainsaid. But, better far than this, the Gospel of Christ has come home with power to hearts surcharged with grief, or rendered callous by long-indulged sin; and they now, more by lives than by words, are ornaments of the Gospel they profess. To God be all the glory, since he pointed out the field of labour, and anointed believers for this special work.

When Ragged Schools were first opened, in Devil's Acre, Field Lane, and St. Giles's, we well remember how they were sneered at by worldlings, or, at best, how they were merely regarded as another illustration of the eccentric ideas of Evangelicals. But the work went on: Ragged School after Ragged School was opened amid the dens of London; as fast as they were established, children, dirty in aspect and foul in language, flocked in; until there are now, within a radius of five miles of St. Paul's, no less than 172 of these valuable institutions, taught by nearly 3,000 teachers. They include 34,400 scholars, with a daily attendance of 27,000. Not a few of these are orphans; some are almost embruted outcasts, rescued from haunts of vice and misery; many are the offspring of those who train up their children "in the way in which they should" *not* "go;" whilst of the majority it is no exaggeration to say that, if Ragged Schools were closed, they would, in all probability, grow up pests of society, caring as little for man as for God.

Nor are the social or spiritual wants of the adults forgotten. Thus, in the Ragged Churches, or simple services for the outcast and

the destitute, held in 81 school-rooms, 5,463 are weekly gathered together, that they may learn that there is a heaven to be lost or won. Hence, too, in our 96 Parents' Meetings, 2,290 mothers and 260 fathers are weekly taught how not to make the worst of both worlds, but rather to make the present one only a stepping-stone to that which is to come.

But the question is often asked, With 39,463 adults and children now gathered into the London Ragged Schools, and the 100,000 who have probably passed through them, are there any *visible* results of the machinery thus employed? Nor do we think the question improper, seeing that we have Divine authority for testing a tree by its fruits (Matt. vii. 16—20). This question indeed becomes more pressing now that the Ragged School Union is appealing to the public to recruit its exhausted funds. But before giving a detailed reply, we think it proper to premise that we have no right so to gauge any spiritual work by its *present* results, as to make that a reason for proceeding or retiring; for by so doing we, in fact, dictate to the Holy Ghost, who, as a Sovereign, either gives or withholds the blessing as he wills. The work being solely for Christ, and being like his personal work in the days of his flesh, for the behoof of the sinner, the sick, and the destitute, we have the highest sanction for our specific work, seeing that "he left us an example that we should follow his steps." Even, then, if no visible fruits had come, we should feel bound not to abandon this great home mission. Yet whenever did labour for Christ sooner or later fail of fruitage ripe and rare? Nor have Ragged Schools proved an exception to the Divine maxim, "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9).

Let us then glance at some grapes of Eshcol already gleaned by our Calebs. Being of a twofold character, temporal and spiritual, we shall thus divide them in our brief review.

Glancing then at the temporal results of Ragged Schools, we find that above 700 boys and girls, mostly rescued from the dens of London, have been sent out as emigrants by the Ragged School Union. Under adequate superintendence they speedily obtained work; and they are recognised by the colonial authorities as the most industrious of British colonists.

Again—for we need not travel so far as Canada or Australia to discover proofs of our success—the 373 Shoe-blacks, who, clad in red or yellow or brown jerseys, make our broadways ring with the

cheerful cry of "Clean your boots, sir!" are another fruit of Ragged Schools. Last year these industrious lads dug out of the London mud no less than £6,222. But since their establishment in 1851 they have earned £36,620. They have shown that we need not go to California in search of gold-mines.

Nor can the fact be omitted that, during the past ten years, no less than 4,975 boys and girls have been publicly rewarded by the Ragged School Union for retaining their *first* situation for twelve months to the satisfaction of their employers.

Nor are the spiritual fruits already vouchsafed less precious. From what we know of our 2,695 voluntary teachers, we are persuaded that they would consider their work as a failure were only temporal fruits vouchsafed. For as they do not regard themselves merely as a kind of social police, they work not for time, but for eternity; for God, and not simply for man. Hence we are glad to know that the spiritual outgrowths of Ragged Schools are as precious as are the temporal. For example, at this moment no less than 174 former Ragged scholars are teachers in the very schools where they first learnt that, if it is a solemn thing to die, it is a still more solemn thing to live, seeing that on the life depends the death. Again, dispersed as are our scholars far and wide, not only in England, but throughout the world, it is satisfactory to know that 171 of these lawless ones have publicly attested their sole dependence for salvation on the blood of Christ at his commemorative supper. Some of these we know are acting as evangelists in doors and out of doors to the class from which they were excavated, and are living proofs that the Gospel is as powerful now as when Peter preached his wondrous sermon at the feast of Pentecost. Thus, too, above 200 adults, members of our Parents' Meetings, have been admitted into Church fellowship, many of whom are living epistles, "known and read of all men." Other and as striking spiritual results might be adduced, did space permit, especially of scholars and parents whose death-beds have been illumined by the presence of the Saviour they loved, and according to the measure of their grace served faithfully.

From this brief review it is seen that Ragged Schools have to do with two worlds; that on which change is legibly written, and that which is as eternal as the Godhead. Nor do we doubt that both worlds are united by affinities too deep to be disturbed. For if we can by God's help render the outcast or the destitute, the

criminal or the idler, fit for the next world, we make them all the fitter for the duties of the life that now is. Indeed, did not Bible teaching lead to this inference, the records of most Ragged Schools would fully prove, that he who would learn his duty to man, must first be indoctrinated in his duty to God.

An outcast lad once said to us, "I never had a chance in my life;" so, led by the Spirit of God, he came to a Ragged School in search of the friends he needed; nor did he fail. It is for boys and girls like this that Ragged Schools were established. Ever sympathizing with human misery, whether resulting from parental neglect or the fruits of uncontrolled passion, the teachers have no sympathy for that idler who lazily folds his arms whilst the rest of the world is labouring. That such help has not been tendered in vain, is proved by the fact that no less than 1,652 of our scholars obtained work during the past year. But, better far than this, seeing that, in the most forlorn or criminal, eternal destinies are involved, many through Divine grace have been gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and now are as God's lights in the dark lanes of this great city.

There is every encouragement to be more diligent in labour, more *individualizing* in prayer, and to exercise greater faith in the converting energy of that Holy Spirit who has already done such marvels. As the wise king declared, "A threefold cord is not quickly broken," so the records of Ragged Schools fully prove that this trifold union of work, prayer, and faith, has been richly honoured by the Most High. Nor do we doubt that larger blessings will yet be bestowed, if every friend of Ragged Schools, especially those who are debarred from actual service, will henceforward, both in the closet and at the family altar, plead that our Schools may be baptized with the Holy Spirit. For after all, give as we may or work as we will, all lasting spiritual blessing is the fruit more of prayer than of men's labour; the pledge being, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Let us then, whatever be our part in this great home mission, ever remember the saying of our Master, that "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," even by the storm of prayer. Then past fruitage will be but as the gleanings of the corn-field, when compared with the harvest to be reaped, and garnered safely in the city of God. For Jesus seems to be saying, in almost audible accents, of London, what he once affirmed of licentious Corinth, "I have much people in this city." Let us then cheerfully obey

the voice of God when he says, "Arise, go unto Nineveh [London], *that great city*, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee" (Jonah iii. 2); and soon, whilst we do the Master's will, yea, in the very act, we shall reap the reaper's reward. For the history of the princely Zerubbabel beautifully foreshadows the reward of the thorough worker for Jesus, and that in all ages (Zech. iv. 9), "The hands of Zerubbabel have *laid* the foundation of this house; his hands shall also *finish* it."

THE DUBLIN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE Ragged School movement, which has been progressing more or less favourably in all the great cities of the United Kingdom, has been advancing in Dublin with remarkable steadiness and rapidity.

In this city it has a character of its own, which gives a peculiar and deep interest to the work. In more prosperous localities the objects of Ragged School efforts are the children almost exclusively of those outcasts of society who are wavering on the doubtful and scarce defined threshold between reckless beggary and open crime, or of those who have actually passed that threshold, and who are half their time inmates of a jail. It is the wretched offspring of such wretched parents who are the chief frequenters of Ragged Schools in many other cities. In Dublin we have not only these, but the far more numerous class to attend to, who have no crime but poverty; the mass of needy, suffering people, willing to work if they could find work to do, but who—from the market of unskilled labour being overstocked, can find no regular employment—live on, literally, "from hand to mouth," with often no regular means of support to depend on.

The number of persons of this description in Dublin is greater than any one could conceive who had not actually visited among them. Then again, Dublin, as a capital, though a poor one, is a central point to which stragglers, and especially destitute young persons, from all parts of the country, repair. The ragged homeless lad from Connaught or Munster, begs his way to Dublin with the vague notion that he will "better himself" there: he soon finds there is no place for him; and ruin for time and eternity must follow if a helping hand is not stretched out to succour him. Many, too, equally friendless, from England and Scotland, are cast adrift in Dublin by the chances of a wandering life, and find themselves equally needing help; not to speak of the numbers of friendless young girls seeking for work, and still greater numbers of orphan, or worse than orphan, little ones, who constantly come before our notice. For all these the Ragged Schools have indeed been the very "helping hand" needed; and the increase in the numbers of Sunday and day scholars of all ages and both sexes who flock to them, attest that the want has been felt to be met.

The earliest of the Dublin Ragged Schools was commenced in LURGAN STREET, where it still flourishes. But it is of the Ragged Schools in immediate connection with the Irish Church Missions we would here speak, as

being those with which we are most intimately acquainted, and which are of largest extent. It was in 1851 that a central Mission House was first erected in TOWNSEND STREET; and the idea occurred to some of its most active friends of uniting this work with a Ragged School, under the same roof. The locality had been chosen for its peculiar fitness in respect of the utter wretchedness of its inhabitants, and the large ragged population. And, in truth, at that time the aspect of Townsend Street, its miserable tenements, its out-door population of slatternly women, dirty children playing in the mud, rough coal-porters and drunken brawlers, and, worse than all, the hidden cellars, where yet more miserable groups hide their poverty from the light of day—all this might cause any but the very determined to draw back; but it also proved how greatly such a work was needed, there especially. The first effort was to gather together a few adult Romanists for instruction on Sunday afternoons; and this feature of adult Sunday teaching is one which distinguishes our Ragged Mission Schools from all others with which we are acquainted. It was a memorable afternoon when first these hitherto neglected creatures were assembled together to hear, what many had never heard before, the word of God, and prayer offered in their own tongue. And even then and there seed was sown which was to ripen to life eternal. Out of that first little group the head mission-agent has witnessed the deaths of more than fourteen, all of whom died firmly relying, as far as human eye could see, on Jesus as their alone stay and trust.

Towards the end of the same year the Weekly Day School began. A few boys were gathered into a small room in the Mission House: soon after, a loft at the back of the building, only accessible by a ladder, was devoted to the reception of girls.

In 1853 a large room was built adjoining the Mission House, capable of holding 900 persons, for the Weekly Boys' School and Sunday Evening Classes. The following year a Girls' and Infant School was added, in connection with the establishment for training schoolmistresses for Mission Schools; a Female Dormitory for destitute and homeless girls was next built; and, finally, a similar one opened for boys, under the name of the "Ragged Boys' Home," completed the group of Institutions which centres in Townsend Street. These ten years' labours have made a wonderful change in that locality. It is, by comparison, a quiet and well-ordered street, which the passengers may cross at any hour unmolested. The civilizing effect of the schools is acknowledged even by those on the spot least likely to appreciate their real value.

In another miserable district of Dublin, that known by the name of "THE LIBERTIES," another group of schools has been collected at "THE COOMBE," in a large and commodious building, where children of all ages on week-days, and adults on Sundays, assemble in large numbers.

These Dublin Ragged Schools have a peculiar character of their own. The keen intelligence of the children, their eager answers and evident delight in learning, must strike even an ordinary observer, no less than the deep poverty which their appearance betokens. Of the good effects of the training they undergo we have the happiest proofs. *Twenty* girls passed in the course of two years through the Female Dormitory, and, after a careful examination in all they had been learning, were placed in Training Institu-

tions, or under private superintendence, to prepare for service, and are now nearly all in good situations. The same can be said of the inmates of the "Boys' Home." Large numbers of these are doing well in the army or navy, filling situations of trust at home, or working at useful trades. We have abundant evidence that the work of our Dublin Ragged Schools is prospering.

When we look back on the feeble beginning of our work, and see how God has blessed our efforts, we can truly say, "What has God wrought!"

Our chief trial is the difficulty of raising funds. This is felt everywhere, but most peculiarly in a city where the chief wealth is in the hands of those of a different religious belief. But we desire to go on, trusting in Him who can supply our need, and in whose hands are "the silver and the gold."

Irish Church Missions, and Ragged Schools in Ireland.

The Irish Church Missions have for some years been carrying on a good work in the sister island, by which poor destitute Irish children have been brought under Bible teaching and Christian influence. School after school has been opened in different parts of Ireland, till in January last it was reported that there were in full operation 44 Sunday Schools, with an attendance of 2,785 scholars, and 76 Day Schools, with 3,556 children present. To conduct these schools 59 mistresses and 54 masters were employed; and these were aided by a small band of voluntary teachers. Far too many of the poor children were shoeless and only half clad. Many a one left home, such as it is, in the morning, for school, without even a crust to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach. Such painful facts could not be hidden from the eye of the Christian teacher; and when known, the teacher cannot help sympathizing with the poor half-starved as well as half-clad pupil. This sympathy is not to be satisfied with a mere expression of pity: it is real, it is heartfelt, and therefore is not to be satisfied with anything short of rendering tangible help. The child is rightly looked upon by the teacher as a compound being, possessing a body as well as a soul; and while the great object is the education of the latter for eternity by the means of God's Scriptures, there is the lesser object of educating the body for time. True, the body is only an earthen vessel, yet it is the vessel that God created, and then honoured by placing within it a deathless spirit; and it is at our peril to neglect either one or the other. In carrying on the Ragged Schools of London it has been our privilege to be the means of clothing the naked and feeding the hungry bodies of our pupils, while we have embraced the great privilege of making known to them the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, without reference to sect or party. Of course we have not given our clothes and our food to any one who chose to come and ask, or demand them of us. If we had an *ad libitum* stock, we might have done a vast deal more than we have done in clothing and feeding the poor and needy; but our stocks were limited, and we had to use wise and prudent economy. This economy has been exercised with advantage to all concerned; and the experience gained leads to the conclusion that the limited resources wisely economized worked out far better results than if the resources had been more ample and the distribution under less restraint.

In carrying out similar plans with similar objects in Ireland, the Irish Church Mission have been strangely charged with "*bribery:*" "that the

clothing and the food were used as bribes for the purpose of tempting the tempted to do what they believe to be displeasing to their heavenly Father;" in other words, to induce those who by relationship or profession were Romanists, to become Protestants, or real Christians. The teachers and agents of the Irish Church Mission, like the teachers and friends of the London Ragged Schools, have, by the aid of revelation, studied human nature too well, especially that section embracing Romanism, to suppose that such great results are ever to be realized by such paltry, time-serving means. No; the change sought to be accomplished is of a deeper character: it is not a question of Romanism or Protestantism; it is a question of life and death, of time and eternity, of hell or heaven. These children are dead in trespasses and in sins; they are exposed to the punishment due to sin; they are on their road to ruin; they have no saving knowledge of Christ. Christian men and women know this, they feel it, and they have it on their conscience to make known to them Christ Jesus and him crucified. And the mission to make Christ known to them is from God, and not from men. Hence they go forth at God's bidding, and in Christ's name, to missionize, yea, with God's help, to Christianize, their neighbours and their neighbours' children. Christ himself found it needful to supply food to his hearers; and who dare say the food he gave was bribery? Yet in Ireland are found men, and men whose office it is to advance and not retard Christianity, who, because a garment is given to a half-clad child, or a night's lodging to an outcast, or a penny loaf to a half-starved scholar, raise the cry of "Bribery." If this be "bribery," would that in England, Scotland, and Ireland, such "bribery" were tenfold, yea, a hundredfold more extensive than it is. The Irish Church Missions have wisely published a twopenny pamphlet on this subject, entitled, "Are the Converts Bribed?" &c., to which we must refer our readers for further information respecting this serious charge. As that pamphlet, however, does not contain an important letter from J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., the Chairman of the Irish Church Missions, that appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, and as it puts the whole question in its truthful position and clear light, we with pleasure transcribe it to our pages:—

IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.'

"Sir,—As your Dublin correspondent in *The Daily Telegraph* of January 26th has adopted and circulated some grave charges against the Society for Irish Church Missions, of which I have the honour to be chairman, I trust to your sense of justice to permit me a reply.

"The charges are taken from a correspondence which has passed between the Rev. George Webster, one of the incumbents of Cork, and the Rev. H. C. Eade, missionary secretary of this society. These letters your correspondent considers 'a damaging exposure.' Mr. Eade took a different view of them, for he published them in a Cork newspaper, where they occupy nearly four columns. Let me at once relieve your mind from the apprehension that I am about to inflict upon you either a part or the whole of this somewhat lengthy correspondence. I think, by a very few remarks, I can enable your readers to judge of the question for themselves. The charge brought against the society by Mr. Webster is specific: it is so often repeated that I cannot mistake it. I shall not misstate it, for it shall be given in Mr. Webster's own words.

"Mr. Webster says our society is guilty of bribery. His mode of making his charge is curious. Asked to give his proofs, he answers by a plea. 'What,' he replies to our secretary, 'do you mean by bribery?' Our secretary turns up Dr. Johnson's dictionary, and gives him the common definition. 'That,' argues Mr. Webster, 'is all well, I don't deny it; but it is not my meaning.' (Letter, Dec. 8.) 'I use the word in another sense, and I contend that I use it right.' Be it so. We will not be captious. Mr. Webster shall have his own way. I set aside our ordinary language, and take the phraseology of Mr. Webster. 'I define bribery,' he says, 'to be the giving of any temporal relief to our fellow-creature for the purpose of tempting him to do what his conscience condemns.' (Letter, Dec. 19.) 'Any man may be fairly charged with bribery who gives money or any temporal assistance to his fellow-creature for doing anything that that fellow-creature believes to be wrong.' (Letter, Dec. 8.) Having mounted this vantage-ground by the stilts of his peculiar vocabulary, Mr. Webster thunders over our heads the terrors of his indictment. 'The terrible fact with which you have to grapple is, that, under your society, a Roman Catholic child receives his bed and breakfast, he is housed and clothed, on the express condition that he listens to Protestant teaching, and attends a Protestant place of worship.' (Letter, Dec. 19.) Or again, and more clearly, 'that temporal relief is given undoubtedly to Roman Catholics, children and adults, on the expressed condition, not that they will profess themselves Protestants, but that they will attend your classes, and listen there to peculiarly Protestant teaching.'

"This is the charge. First let me state the facts. They are chiefly applicable to our schools in Dublin—schools during the week attended by children only, open on Sundays to adults as well as to the young. These schools are opened in the worst quarters of the city of Dublin, and receive the children of the worst and lowest of the population. They are in the strictest sense Ragged Schools, and none can see them without applying the name. The work of our agents, and their only work, is to teach. They teach all who come; to all they teach the Bible; they fasten its words on their memories; they try to fix it in their hearts. This is their work, by our express orders: without this work, the schools would be worthless. The children come to these schools in crowds; creatures wild as Arabs; like them without morals, conscience, or faith. To these children we give lessons, but nothing else, for we have not the means. All our money goes to the work of missions, and is not enough. This grieves us, but we have no choice. To creatures coming faint and famished, without their breakfast and with little chance of dinner, we are unable to give even a crust of bread. But here the ladies of Dublin, struck with this pitiable sight, interposed. To the faint and famished they gave a morsel of food, enough to keep body and soul together, while they were learning their lessons.

"These are the facts. We have often published them. As chairman I have repeated them on our London platforms, till I am sure my audience is tired of the subject. This, says Mr. Webster, with ponderous invective, is a violation of conscience, corruption, bribery, and a double sin. Well, sir, I should have thought the act of these gentle ladies deserved a different name; but it would be presumptuous for a layman to speak before so eminent a divine. To judge in one's own case is always unwise. I turn, then, to another case: from the Ragged Schools of Dublin I turn to the Ragged Schools of London. They are known to all the world; and as much liked as known. What London and its citizens and the press think of these schools has been proved by a late appeal. What is their practice? I tremble to divulge it; for if our wickedness is great, what must be theirs? If we are to be lashed by learned theologians, how ought London pulpits to ring with fearful anathemas? for their course is like ours, only worse. Their children, like those in

Dublin, come often faint and starving—no breakfast, little hope of dinner. Let them faint, says Mr. Webster; let them famish, says the stern theologian. But the managers do not so act; they are merciful, and they sin. Ours a double sin, according to Mr. Webster; theirs, I fear, a threefold sin. To these gaunt and hungry elves they give—*horrendum dictu*—bread and milk in the morning, rice and milk at mid-day; and this they do, when the need is seen, not by subscriptions of independent ladies, but unblushingly out of their own funds. But these children, it may be said, are Protestants; their conscience is not stained by the breakfast. Alas, sir, for this iniquity I can offer no such plea. I admit that hundreds of Romanists crowd these London Ragged Schools, and swallow bribes in their breakfast. The proof of this is before us, for the schools are open to all, to friends and to foes; and ever and anon a dark-browed gentleman, in a peculiar dress, enters them, marks his vassals, flies to the parents, and orders the children out of the school. They go, but they come back. So much the worse, argues Mr. Webster; you are tempting the child by bread and milk; you sin doubly in offering this worldly inducement; you are guilty of bribery. I grieve, as an old supporter of the Ragged Schools of London, with thousands of my fellow-citizens, thus, in the face of day, to unveil our iniquities to the penetrating eyes of the theologians of Cork. But, until Mr. Webster deals with this case and settles it, till he has induced our citizens and the organs of our press to regard our London Ragged Schools as founded on wickedness and built up by bribery, he will excuse me if I withdraw the Dublin schools from the battle, for they at least must be admitted to be less guilty and less to be blamed.

"I have more to say to Mr. Webster, but I will not trespass further on your space, and will keep what I have to say for a fuller statement, which our society can publish.

"Though these attacks are distasteful, especially to those who most notice them, to the work they are useful. The charity becomes known, and sterling charity brightens under the friction of the roughest hand. This correspondence, though tedious, will be salutary. When English philanthropists have come to Dublin to see and judge for themselves, they will enable us, with freer hands and ampler funds, to carry on our patient labours in these slandered but invaluable schools.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"J. C. COLQUHOUN.

"11, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, Feb. 3."

A NEW NIGHT REFUGE.

The case of the homeless poor has been too often insisted on for any lengthy argument to be needed in favour of a benevolent effort to meet existing deficiences. That such there are, in spite of a great deal that has been already accomplished, is undeniable; and, though any fresh project can only continue the good work so wisely begun, it will still deserve the honour of helping to carry that work towards completion. Before stating the plans which have been determined on, however, we may briefly define the nature of the want which is to be supplied. It is *an extreme want*. For bare life, the starving wanderers who lie down to sleep at night in door-ways, under railway arches, or on the wet turf in the parks, call on a charity which would be politic even if it were not Christian. And, for many reasons which are not in themselves either un-Christian or uncharitable, it is much to be desired that when a demand of this kind is made, it should be promptly encountered

with just sufficient succour, and no more. The gentlemen who have practically interested themselves in the question of Night Refuges, have not lost sight of a danger which can be most effectually avoided by maintaining the spontaneous character of the relief. Such aid as the parish affords may be claimed as a right. Those who seek and obtain it are very apt, indeed, to regard it as a right, and are not always slow to complain of shortcomings in quantity or quality; for there is no more exacting claimant than the pauper, pure and simple. Now, such alleviation as misery will find in a Night Refuge does not pretend to be more than temporary; it is designed to afford a strictly necessary measure of assistance; and it is spontaneously given. This is the only point on which we have felt it desirable to dwell.

At the commencement of the winter the want of additional aid of this kind was the subject of deliberation among several philanthropists, eminently capable of taking a statesmanlike view of the work before them. They agreed that a large and inconsiderate extension of the system of Night Refuges would infallibly increase mendicancy and crime; but that, under certain regulations, an establishment on a limited scale, in addition to those which have wrought so much good in different parts of London, would be of great service. Upon the basis of their general understanding, a committee was appointed to look for suitable premises, or such as might be made suitable in a short time, and at a reasonable cost. Bearing in mind the peculiar necessity of adapting the place to what we have described as "an extreme want," the search was very properly made in quarters which would be less eligible for almost any other purpose; and the chosen spot is in the midst of shambles at the back of Newport Market. The premises have not yet been taken, as the promised funds fall somewhat short of the required amount, and further subscriptions are therefore earnestly solicited. A calculation has been made that house-room for one hundred nightly applicants, with bread and coffee, and all the incidental charges of the establishment, together with rent, rates, taxes, insurance, coals, gas, and medical attendance, will involve an expenditure of more than £1,000 a year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Holford, M.P., the Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P., the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir John Hanmer, Earl Powis, and Mr. Warner, M.P., are donors of £100 each; and Miss Burdett Coutts has added £50 for starting the Refuge; while an aggregate sum of about £160 has been collected for its maintenance. The rental of the building, at a seven years' lease, will be £140 a year; and their conversion from a disused range of slaughter-houses into a fitting place for the shelter of destitute men, women, and children, will cost, in round figures, £500. The consideration we have already set forth in the course of indicating the importance of such establishments as this, and the exceptional reasons for making them spontaneously charitable, rather than obligatory upon parochial management, will, we hope, induce many more persons of benevolent sympathies to augment the means of the Night Refuge Committee.

COPY OF ADDRESS PRESENTED TO MR. S. R. STAREY, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NOTTINGHAM RAGGED SCHOOL, FEBRUARY 22, 1864.

NOTTINGHAM RAGGED SCHOOL TO MR. SAMUEL ROBERTS STAREY.

THE Committee accept your resignation of the office of Honorary Secretary of the Nottingham Ragged School with great reluctance, and desire to express their heartfelt appreciation of your devotion and untiring zeal and energy in the cause of Ragged Schools.

For eighteen years you have toiled amidst many discouragements with hearty goodwill and a firm faith in the Christ-like principles of this institution; and we feel that, identified as you were in London with the birth as well as with the name of Ragged Schools, to you, in a great measure, the credit is due of interesting the public in the movement, as well as of securing the present important position and extended usefulness of the Nottingham Ragged School, with which, also, your name has been associated from its commencement.

We beg you to accept our sincere sympathy in the domestic trials which we understand have in great part compelled you to resign the position of Honorary Secretary of the institution for the less engrossing duties of a member of the Committee.

We trust that in this latter capacity we may long have the benefit of your counsel and co-operation; and we earnestly pray that the blessing of Him who counts all loving service done to the poor for his name's sake as done to himself, may abundantly rest upon you here in every relation in which you may stand, and be your unfading reward in a brighter world.

"THIS THY BROTHER."

UNDER the above heading, as a text, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald lately pleaded from the pulpit on behalf of the Burslem Ragged School. That these pleadings may be more extensively and permanently made known for the benefit of the Burslem Ragged Schools in particular, and for Ragged Schools in general, they have been printed in a pamphlet form of twenty-two pages, to be had of James Dean, Market Place, Burslem. With pleasure we extract the following:—

"Believe this as a Scripture truth, that by reason of the world's redemption by Jesus Christ, all men are your brothers, children together with you of the Father who is in heaven, and joint-heirs with you of the inheritance of the saints. Come with me now, and see how these your brothers are. I shall lead you to no distant lands, not to far country heathen, but to those of your own town, who live and die at your very doors. I have entered houses within a stone's throw of this, whose wretchedness without is only equalled by the unutterable dirt and destitution within. Their bare floors and naked walls, the sickening breath that meets you in the doorway, have a language easy to be understood. Who are they that live here? There are fathers whose care for their children is shamed by that of a beast for its whelps; men idle

and dirty, foul-mouthed and heavy-handed in quarrel, whose life of drudgery is broken only by shameful pleasures, rioting and drunkenness, in which the man is lost, and the earthly, sensual, and devilish alone are left. There are mothers, pale and hollow-cheeked with want, or bloated with excess, destitute of all that is gentle, loving, and tender, wherein lies woman's strength, the gracious power which God himself bestows on her. They shame the very name of mother, word of all words that sounds sweetest in your ears, and stirs the dearest memories in your hearts. There are young men, steeped to the lips in impurity, ignorant of all good, proficients in all wickenness, with no reverence for truth or virtue, no fear of God before their eyes; they bind themselves in the chains that bound their fathers, and spend life's strength in revolt against God, war upon man, and service of the devil. There are girls in whose hearts shame is killed, and modesty has no place. With life God gave them something still more precious, but it is thrown away and trampled under foot. Now, all men are their enemies, and no women are their friends. They are outlawed, and they know it. They are fallen, and they never hope to rise, so, crying in despair, 'Evil, be thou my good,' they sweep down the current of pollution to the dark, dark depths below. Saddest sight of all in these streets—children, unloved and uncared for, running wild from their very infancy, and left to learn in the outdoor colleges of sin, where they will graduate only too soon. Parents, who love your children with a love stronger than life, there are children, lovely as yours, to be found in scores, hungry, half-naked, and unwashed, to whom the streets are nursery, and school, and playground. For the laying down of their heads at night there is a corner in the house which they call home, but in the daytime see how they must rough it, playing there in the gutter, crawling on the cold pavement at an age when your little ones are warmly cradled by the fireside, enduring hardship that it would break your heart for yours to know, and surrounded by wickedness from which you guard your children as from danger worse than death.

"There is a sight I have seen—perhaps you have seen it too—which has arrested my attention in the busiest street, and spoken to my heart in tones that all the roar of a city's noonday life could not drown. A little child has lost its companions, and stands weeping on the footpath. It is a mere babe, and, finding itself alone in the wilderness of people, is terrified. All are strangers, and they hurry by without a glance at the little one, who looks up tearfully now and again, but sees no friendly face. Poor child, it is very lonely, very sad, and wanders helplessly along, barefooted and bareheaded, crying as though its very heart would break. If you have stopped that little one to ask why it cried, if you have looked into its eyes so full of tears, and have not felt your own start forth responsive, you must be made of sterner stuff than some of us. Oh, I have seen that, and as my heart yearned over the lonely little wanderer, seeming one too many in the world, I have longed for a whole city full to hear me, while, with my hand upon the living text, I preached, 'Rescue for friendless helpless children.' In the name of Christ, who blessed little children, bring these also to his feet. Save these flowers, which should bloom in paradise, from being blighted in the garden of sin; let not jewels lie upon the dunghill, which should deck his crown. See them, tens of thousands of them, wanderers like this, with no hand to guide, no arm to protect; with none to tell them of God their Father and Christ their Saviour; with no father's breast to shelter them, and no mother's knee to kneel at; their wretchedness is deeper than that of orphans, for the godless, cruel world becomes their step-mother, and drowns them in the sea of her own iniquities.

"Let me now ask you seriously what are the chances, humanly speaking, both for this world and the next, of the thousands of children who swarm in our back streets and alleys. Considering their birth and home influences, what are the probabilities of their life? I say advisedly, 'Considering their birth,' for we are all of us believers in

the influence of race. You notice with pleasure how your children resemble you. You look eagerly for these resemblances, and, while watching the child at your feet, will say with a parent's happy pride, 'There is its father's look, or its mother's smile.' Well, and these children of whom we speak have parents too, and in many cases we mark with dismay and sorrow a likeness that we would far rather wish away. We know that since 'Adam begat a son in his own likeness,' men have transmitted a corrupt nature to their descendants, but I believe in that woeful heritage being increased by parents. I believe that the children of the lawless and the licentious come into a larger legacy of corrupted nature and evil tendencies than the children of the pure and pious. Is it not in this way that those solemn words, 'Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children,' find a part of their fulfilment? If there is blessing in a pious ancestry, there is a curse in a depraved parentage. If 'all the blood of all the Howards' gives 'gentle birth' to those in whose veins it flows; if the graces and refinements of a hundred ancestors stamp nobility upon the children of a lordly house; if genius and eloquence seem to be heirlooms in some families, and the features of an illustrious forefather appear and reappear in his posterity,—remember that base and ignoble men have also been founders of families, that they, too, have transmitted something, that the hot and thirsty blood of the drunkard has throbbed in the pulses of his children, that thieving runs in families, and that generations of outcasts prove their descent by a hideous likeness to their parents and a faithful following of their fathers' sins.

"See next to what they are born. In their homes is no prayer. They never kneel at that altar of a mother's knee where you first lisped out 'Our Father.' It is impossible to say how early heavenly thoughts will visit the heart of a child piously trained from its earliest infancy; but what can we expect of this for children over whose cradle no hymn is sung, no prayer is breathed? Your children early learn about God who loves them, and Christ who died for them; but what can these poor children know of God, save that it is a word to curse with; or of Christ, whose name they never hear, except in some crowning blasphemy? In their homes is no Sabbath. Life lies at one low level, and the dark work-day week is unbroken by a gleam of Sunday sunshine. All days are secular; none are sacred; none of the seven speak more to their heart than the rest. The principles of right and wrong are not made clear to them. Their rewards and punishments are dealt out to them in gusts of anger or fitful gleams of kindness. What is laughed at to-day will get a heartless blow to-morrow. The frolics or accidents of childhood are heavily punished, while wickedness, for which the rod would be the truest mercy, passes by unnoticed. How is it possible that they can learn to love the good and hate the evil under training such as this? Even the elemental perception of right and wrong, without which the heathen is not born, runs a risk of being utterly warped and perverted. And now as they grow older, what are the lessons laid before their ever-enlarging capacity? They hear curses, and they are quick at imitating what they hear. Next, they are quickly schooled in impurity, which blights the freshness and innocence of childhood, and hangs a millstone round the neck of youth. The early familiarity with drink and drunkenness is fatal to thousands; under its influence sins are sinned from which a sober hour would have shrunk with horror. For man, or woman, or youth, once under its spell, all that is good becomes very difficult, all that is bad very easy, and no crime impossible, whatever be its blackness. With such parentage and example, with such schools and schooling, is their state to be wondered at? Is there anything that need surprise us in the condition of the population in which our Ragged Schools do their work? Nay, the wonder is that any of them escape the meshes of the net. The wonder is that any men amongst them are honest, and any women chaste. The wonder is that any born under this cloud ever come out from beneath its deadly shade. The mercy is that

the foul disease which consumes the feet, and scars the lower part of the nation, has not struck upward to the heart; that the fire which smokes and smoulders in the dark has not burst out upon us with destruction, like that which fell upon the cities of the plain.

"All this is very sad to think of, and would be hopelessly so, but for one blessed truth. After all, the vilest outcasts are not out of reach. Not the most sinful wretch is so deeply sunk but that God's grace and man's brotherly help can lift him up. No philanthropy is worth much that has not this firm belief at heart. God's mercies and Christ's power to save are infinite now as ever; the Gospel of Jesus Christ has lost none of its efficiency. If Scripture tells us of extortionate publicans pardoned and made just and merciful; of harlots forgiven and made pure and blameless in life; of a robber in the hour of death receiving promise of entrance into heaven from the lips of Jesus Christ himself,—then have we no need to doubt—nay, every assurance to believe—that the same miracles can be wrought now by the same Saviour; that the drunkard can be made sober, the impure be cleansed, the violent and lawless become gentle, the worst sinner saved, washed, sanctified, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

"It is a fact, patent to all, that the ordinary agencies of the Christian Church do not meet the wants of 'these our brothers.' You don't find them in church or chapel. They do not care to hear preaching, or join in worship; they have never felt that these things were designed for them; and the open doors of the sanctuary do not invite their entrance. It was to meet wants that had not been previously met, that Ragged Schools were established, and we are carrying them on in Burslem as the most effective means with which we are acquainted of lightening the darkness, teaching the ignorance, and saving the souls of those who have, practically, been considered as out of the pale of the Christian Church.

"The children whom we gather together are brought, for a while at least, into a purer moral atmosphere. We teach them the first principles of that religion which alone can fit them to live and die aright,—that God, their 'Father which is in heaven,' loves them and cares for them—that Jesus Christ died for them, and that those who love him and trust in him shall live with him in heaven for ever. We teach them to pray; we imprint upon their minds, in the hope that the Holy Spirit will impress upon their hearts, short passages of Scripture and hymns, the knowledge of which may hereafter prove an inestimable blessing. Nor are our efforts entirely confined to the children. From time to time their parents and friends are brought to our school-room for religious services. They are too poor, and ragged, and shamefaced, perhaps too proud, to be seen in the churches where you worship, but they will hear the Gospel if it be taken to them. And it is true now, as it was of old, that publicans and sinners will hear, and feel, and believe, and obey, while scribes and Pharisees anger God by their hypocrisy, and respectable sinners perish everlastingly from the midst of Christian congregations. I have preached to these people, and never did I feel my commission more honourable, and my message more divine, than in telling poor outcasts of salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ. I have seen hardfaced women weep when they heard how the Lord forgave the 'woman which was a sinner;' I have heard strong and sturdy men groan for very wretchedness as conscience lifted up its voice and cried against them; young men have bowed their heads in shame as the sins and sorrows of the prodigal were made to pass before them; as I have prayed, deep and fervent responses have risen, and at length, from a heart that could no longer bear its burden, I have heard the cry, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.'

"My friends, we want greatly to extend and increase our work; God has shown us difficulties which demand all our faith, and prayer, and labour, but, thanks to his holy name, he has given us encouragement to hope for a far more successful future.

We want your help and your prayers. We must have them, and I think you will not dare to deny us. Or, rather, you will not refuse the claims of Christ, who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' I am bold, too, in asking for you help, because I believe some of you are very responsible in this matter, and owe so much, that if you were to empty your purses now into our treasury, we could not even then consider you absolved from those commandments of God which relate to Christian work. Money will never be accepted instead of personal service from those who might have rendered it. May God fill your hearts with love to himself and compassion for your brethren. Forget not the claims and pleading of 'this thy brother,' lest you be reminded of them at last by the terrible voice of God asking, 'Where is Abel thy brother?' and your lips falter out the vain apology, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

THOUGHTS ON READING AN APPEAL.

The appeal was from the Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Poor Boys, 4, Mansell Street, Whitechapel, in which it is stated that over 2,000 poor boys have shared its benefits since its commencement in 1854.

"Plead on!" Over a thousand souls are led to look from sin and Satan unto God.

"Plead on!" and know your cause is in the right; *that day only* will show your great, vast work.

"Plead on," over a thousand souls! If one is saved, you have a large reward. Think of the ruin all these friendless boys in hopeless destitution might have wrought.

God speed the holy work, and open hearts that have the means to help, knowing full well that they shall shine as stars who turn souls unto righteousness, not for an hour to shine, not for one year, but through the countless ages of eternity.

As precious stones whose lustre cheers the eyes, set well with gold, so will this letter be (the Appeal) before the angels and the hosts of heaven.

J. R.

ENCOURAGEMENT AND HOPE.

CASES OF ENCOURAGEMENT IN CONNECTION WITH ST. GILES'S RAGGED SCHOOLS AND REFUGES.

The following cases show the necessity which exists for this Institution, and the good resulting to those admitted into it. The first relates to

TWO SISTERS.

On a cold wet day in January, two young girls were seen in Bishopsgate Street crawling along the pavement, one apparently about twelve years old, and the other ten, but in fact they were fourteen and twelve.

They were very dirty, ragged, and most deplorable. The elder carried in one hand a box of matches, while with the other arm she supported the little one who seemed too weak to walk without assistance. A passer-by saw them

and was much struck with their pitiable condition. They did not beg, but simply crawled along. No one seemed to notice them, and they proceeded onward towards the City the very picture of want and misery. A gentleman who saw them felt much for them, and thought they were fit objects for the Refuge. He stopped to write down the address of the Refuge, when all at once he lost sight of the little forlorn ones. While wondering what had become of them he cast his eyes across the road, and saw them drinking water at the pump by St. Botolph Church. He crossed over and spoke to the girls, and found, in answer to his inquiries, they were born in Liverpool, and that about four years ago the father, mother, and family came to London. Since then the father had deserted the family. They had now no home. The mother went out begging in one part of London, and these girls were sent out to another part for the same purpose. The girls said they expected to see their mother at night. The gentleman gave them the address of the Refuge, with a request that the mother would take them up the following day. Nothing, however, was seen of them for several days, when at last they made their appearance at the Refuge, saying their mother had now deserted them, and they begged to be taken in. They were admitted at once, and are still with us, and it is most touching to see their gratitude for what is being done for them. The elder girl had not been to school, the younger had.

The Matron one evening a short time since was holding a little meeting with the small girls, each girl being allowed to select a hymn to be sung, when the younger of the two above referred to selected and gave out that sweet hymn of Dr. Watts's, beginning—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see,
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?"

The hymn was sung with much sweetness, but He who alone searcheth the heart could tell the deep feeling of the mind of the little maid who chose the hymn.

The elder girl was taken ill a few weeks after she entered the Refuge. On her recovery she was sent to our Home at Acton, where she quite regained her strength, and on her return to the Town Home she dictated and got her little sister to write the following letter to the Matron, Miss Dickson :—

"I now take the pleasure of writing to you, thanking you for your kindness to me when I was ill; and I thank God that he has brought me into this good Home, and I must be very thankful, and I must try to do all I can to please God, and I must not forget to thank you, for I don't know where I should have been now if it had not been for you; and I must try to be a good girl, and to try to do all I can to please you and to please my teachers; and I must not forget to pray for poor Parker, and ask God to give her health and strength again, and I hope next time you hear from her that she will be better; and I thank Mrs. Edmond over and over again, for she has been very kind to me and Parker, for she has been kind to both; and I thank God, for he has given me my health and strength again, and he has been very kind to me and merciful to me, and I must not forget to pray and to love him and serve him while I

live; and I must thank Mr. Williams for his kindness to me. You must excuse me, for I have not written myself, so I have asked Rebecca to write for me: that is all I have to say just now, my dear friend,

"M. J."

The sickness alluded to in the above letter was brought on by want and exposure to the inclemency of the weather; and there is no doubt if these two poor little creatures had not found a home in this Institution at the time they did, they must have perished. They are still in the Refuge, and so altered in appearance that it would be difficult to recognise them as the same children.

AN EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

The Committee never like to lose sight of the boys and girls after they have left the Refuge; and with a view of keeping up communications with them, and to encourage them to retain their situations, a silver medal is presented to those boys and girls who remain twelve months in the first situation provided for them. The following letter is from a boy in South Africa to the Committee, acknowledging the receipt of his medal, which was forwarded to him by a captain of a vessel who took out other boys to the same place:—

"Dear Sirs,—It is with great pleasure that I now take my pen in hand to write these few lines to you, hoping they will find you in good health, as it leaves me at present. Captain Peak and all his live-stock arrived here safely on the 19th December, and left here for London on the 12th February. He did not have time to give us our medals, but an intimate friend, viz., Mr. Martin, gave them to us after his departure. I am sure I cannot be too grateful for the token of respect you have so bountifully bestowed upon me in sending me such a handsome silver medal, which I hope I shall be able to keep as long as I live, and never look back with regret on the first twelve months of my apprenticeship. I do not say that during the three years that I have been in my situation that my behaviour has merited the reward bestowed upon me: it is my place to let my superiors find that out, because the old proverb says that self-praise is no recommendation. I am sure that I cannot thank Mrs. Lumley too much for taking upon herself the trouble in sending me out here, where, by God's blessing, I hope I shall be able to get on in the world, and be able to get an honest livelihood. I often think on the happy days that I spent in the school, what games we used to have, and what nice meetings Mr. Wood used to take us to, also the singing-class that Master Joseph had the overseeing of; but all those days are gone by, never more to return. I often think of the many Sabbath days that I spent at George Street, and what a great many times Mr. Williams has addressed us, and what a nice lot of teachers there were then—such as Mr. C. T. Ware, and Miss Varney, and Mr. Carter, and several others. I never hear their sweet voices telling me of the trials and difficulties which I shall have to surmount; I never see that calm and serene smile on their countenances; all seems dead to me: but though so many miles of sea separate us, it does not wean my affections away from the school where I spent so many bright and happy days. I hope my brother William is making himself happy and contented in the school for a short time. I have heard some very good reports about him, and was very pleased with the letter he wrote me; it was the first he ever wrote me; and I dare say that when he sends me another one it will have more news in it about the school. I long for the time when I shall see him once more in this world. I hope my mother visits him regular, for I know that when I was there,

if nobody came to see me when it was visiting Monday, I used to hang down my head and wish for the next visiting Monday to come by express. I hope my brother will write a few lines to Mrs. Lumley, and let her know how I am getting on. If he does I shall be very much obliged to him, because if I were to write to Mrs. Lumley my letters might not find her at home. Please give my respects to all who knew me when I was in the school. All the boys are in work, and seem in good health. I must now conclude this letter, wishing the school and the Committee God-speed.

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"E. F."

Another case is a

SHROPSHIRE LAD.

His mother had been dead two years when he came to London. His father was a poor labourer without any home of his own, but lived in a lodging-house, and unable to work much. This lad had worked on a farm, and afterwards took care of a cart and horse for a general dealer who went round the country selling all kinds of general-ware. The boy left this man and found his way to London. Here he arrived without friends or home, and little in his pocket. On entering into London, he was directed to a common lodging-house in one of the worst localities in St. Giles's, not far from the Boys' Refuge. Here he intended to pass his first night in London, but during the evening a desperate fight took place among the low tramps at this so-called lodging-house, which so frightened the lad that he determined to make his escape from the house. He did so, and while wandering about, not knowing what to do or where to go, he passed the back part of the Refuge, and saw written up, "Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Boys." He now realized his homelessness and destitution, and at length mustered up courage enough to ring the bell. It was late, but he was let in, and the master, Mr. Wood, heard his tale, sympathized with him, and took him in. He turned out a well-behaved lad, and having a strong desire to go abroad, he was selected as one to go to Nova Scotia. He arrived there in safety, and soon afterwards wrote to the Secretary as follows:—

"April 18th, 1863.

"Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure I now write to you. I have long wanted to write to you, so I made up my mind to write this evening. Dear Sir, I feel very happy at this moment: I have an excellent situation, such kind people. I am as happy as I should wish to be: my master and mistress are religious people. I may say with the poet,—

"'For what the Lord has done for me,
For boundless love so rich and free,
For all his mercy that is past,
I'll praise him whilst my life shall last.'

"Dear Sir, as soon as we landed at Halifax I asked my Father in heaven to guide my feet to some place where I could have the privilege of the means of grace, and, bless his name, he answered my prayer. I was never better off in my life. I can go three times in the week, and three to service and once to school on the Sunday. Oh, how I love the Sabbath school! I am never so happy as when I am in the house of God and in company with his people. Dear Sir, the people who are not professors are very moral: there is not much bad language used, nor drunkenness. I was so pleased last Tuesday to see such a lot of happy people. We had a holiday to cele-

brate the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The flags were flying and the bells ringing, the people shouting 'Hurrah;' the volunteers were marching round and firing muskets; and a greased pig to run, a pole to climb for a dollar on the top, and at night the windows were all lighted up; and the ladies made the volunteers a tea-party, and gave them for nothing: but what pleased me most was not a drunken man in company through the day, no fighting nor quarrelling, nor accident at all, nor police; but water was drunk in abundance, great strong men drinking water and looking as happy as though they had been the Prince themselves. The people are very industrious here: there are no idlers standing about, but all at work as busy as bees. They work hard, and they have plenty of food and clothes. They all wear boots up to the knee. On Sunday they most all go to the house of God. There need not be a happier people on earth. We have had snow up to my middle since we came here, but that made no difference. I was used to drive the young ladies about in the sleigh; but it is all gone now, and the birds are singing beautiful in the woods. Dear Sir, how happy I am to walk in the woods by myself with my Bible, when none but God is near, and pray to Him that seeth in secret. Those are blessed times for my soul: I get blessed abundantly there; I can have intercourse with my Saviour; I get blessed and strength, and my heart will leap with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Dear Sir, I have not forgot the happy times I used to spend with you in Sunday-school; how you used to explain the word of God to us, and try to make us good boys. May that God who is the Rewarder of all such, bless you for Jesus' sake. Amen. I have much more to say, but my paper will hold no more. Please to give my love to your class, and tell them to be good boys, and God will bless them. Give my best love to all at Great Queen Street Home, and accept the same yourself. Yours truly,

"R. J."

The Children's Gallery.

THE GIVING-DAY.

On the walls of a friend's parlour hung many pictures, but the most beautiful, in the eyes of a venerable clergyman visiting the family, was a fair and gracious Saxon lady, standing in the arched door of her castle, whence she distributed bread and meat to a group of emaciated, starving peasants. Charity is woman's special privilege, thought the old man, as he stood before the fine engraving.

On the following day this honoured guest passed through the hall, before the open door of a store-room, where his hostess was seated, very much occupied with parcels and baskets, which her children were holding. "You must take care of yourself a little while, Dr. A——, for this is my *giving-day*."

"My dear madam," replied the courteous old gentleman, "may I find out by observation the meaning of the term?"

"My children spend this morning in carrying a few baskets to our poor friends. You may watch our work, although it is against our rule to let our 'right hand know what the left doeth.'"

"This is for old Widow Green," said a little girl. "I want a beautiful basket for her, mamma, you know," she whispered. "I shall put in the book with large letters first, for a surprise."

The loving mother smiled as she concealed the Psalter, bought with her daughter's own money, under papers of tea and sugar. Away ran the child with her basket, while another drew nearer to get something for the sick girl, one of those helpless sufferers found in every village who languish through long years of pain. This basket contained, there

fore, a few delicacies to tempt the appetite; fragrant oranges, and a rose tied with a few leaves, from the choice plant of dear little Alice, who knew already the luxury of giving, although her small hands could not carry the basket. "Slip in this nice book, my child: it will give her some pleasant Sunday reading, when she reads how lovingly the dear Saviour cared for this sick one of whom it tells." The cook came up from the kitchen to get orders about the broken pieces, and the meal and flour destined for the poor people, who came regularly on this giving-day for their portion. Alice ran back, saying that a little girl looked cold and shivering. "Look in the poor-basket, dear, and see if any warm garment remains."

Fearing that these arrangements might seem ostentatious, the giver hastened to explain that her time was so much engrossed, she might neglect some of these little duties if she did not devote this day to the remembrance of "the poor, who are with you always."

Alice came back with a warm cape. The cook was directed to give the portions of flour according to the written labels.

A memorandum-book was often consulted, in the course of the almsgiving, to see what particular cases needed. This was truly "*considering* the poor," for by personal investigation the hostess knew their situation. Money for medicine was slipped in one basket for the consumptive boy, a bottle of wine remembered for one who was near death, an order sent to a shoemaker for a pair of boots needed in one family. Dr. A—— thought of the large sums given to different objects by the husband, as he pointed significantly to the barrel of sugar, the chest of tea, fast lessening as the parcels increased. The lady shook her head, saying, "We have found it very true in our experience, that giving does *not* impoverish."

The labours of the morning ended, the children came back with empty baskets and loving hearts. There were many exclamations for the mother's ear about this poor family, and that girl who looked so very sick, and the woman who was so pleased.

These private charities were flowing forth, unknown for the present, but not unreckoned by Him who is the safe Banker of all treasure laid up in heaven. Our meagre charities satisfy the conscience for many weeks, often, while the poor are forgotten, the suffering not ministered unto. Let those who would have the Saviour's promise, "And it shall be given you, good measure, heaped up, running over," try this experiment of "*a giving-day.*"

Poetry.

THE OUTCAST CHILDREN'S CRY.

Beautiful the children's faces,
  Spite of all that mars and scars;
To the inmost heart appealing,
Calling forth love's tend'rest feeling,
  Steeping all the soul in tears.

Eloquent the children's faces;
  Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
  Life is but a ling'ring death!

Give us light amidst our darkness;
  Let us know the good from ill:
Hate us not for all our blindness.
Save us—lead us—show us kindness:
  You can make us what you will!

We are willing; we are ready;
  We would learn if you would teach:
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty,
  Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our pow'rs:
Let us take our proper station—
We, the rising generation;
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be whate'er ye make us:
Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temp'rance, self-denial—
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

We are thousands—many thousands;
Every day our ranks increase:
Let us march beneath your banner—
We, the legion of true honour—
Combating for Love and Peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward—
We can ne'er be young again!
Save us! save from our undoing;
Save from ignorance and ruin;
Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamp'd in heart and brow!
We may be our father's teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers
In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing;
All my inmost soul was stirr'd,
And my heart was bow'd with sadness—
When a cry, like summer gladness,
Said—"The children's pray'r is heard!

MARY HOWITT.

The Teachers' Column.

THE SHORT VERSE.

ENTERING our little school-room in C——, one evening before the hour for the Sabbath School prayer-meeting to commence, I found several of the scholars comparing the verses they had selected for the usual recitation.

"What is your verse, Edward?" asked James. Edward pointed it out in his open Bible.

"Oh," smiled James, "what a short verse."

"Yes, but it *means a great deal*," was the emphatic reply.

Perhaps any verse Edward might have selected that night would have attracted more than my usual attention, as indicating the direction of his thoughts; for within a few days he had told me that he had given his heart to the Saviour. But now more than ever, after that earnest answer, did I wonder what precious text had taken that stronghold upon his young heart which his tone indicated.

I remembered the past; I recalled, with the creeping shudder it always brought to me, the answer he had given, for a long year and more, to my repeated question:—"Can you not decide to be a Christian to-night, Edward?"

It was ever the same "I don't know," which rang through my heart like the death-knell of a soul, for I greatly feared it would seal his eternal doom. The half-desponding tone in which he used to say it sounded so cheerless, that I often thought it would be useless to say more. But that answer haunted me. I too had a precious promise: "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not;" and I resolved never to cease my efforts while life left hope. And God heard our prayers, his *mother's* prayers, breathed first around his cradle, then as he knelt by her side, and often, very often, when he knew it not. And so one night when I asked again, "Can you not go to Christ as a poor sinner to-night, Edward?" his earnest "Yes," in that firm tone I understood so well, sent a rush of joy through my heart, that made me tremble from the very fulness of hope and greatness of blessing. Carefully was I watching for the fruits of his decision, and so I listened with a peculiar interest

as, in his turn, he gave his verse, "*If God be for us, who can be against us?*" Truly that verse did mean a *great deal*. And it meant something, I hoped, that thus early in his Christian life he had so taken the blessed promise into his heart. If in the future he would remember it, it would surely make him strong for the conflict; and often have my prayers for him taken the form, "Lord, make it ever *mean a great deal* to him."

Often has this precious promise, put thus in the strong light of a question, with the emphasis of his earnest tone, come to me in time of trial full of strong support. Yes, it means a great deal. It is all a Christian needs to nerve him for the conflict with sin, for it gives the assurance of victory. It has a fearful meaning for those who are not in the ranks of the Lord's host. Does it mean for you and me, my reader, a great deal of comfort, or a great deal of terror?

Notices of Meetings.

CUDWORTH AND NORTH STREET RAGGED SCHOOLS.

On Wednesday, December 24th, 1863, the Cudworth Day Ragged School, Burton Street, Three Colt Lane, and the North Street Day Ragged School, Hood Street (both in the parish of Bethnal Green, and within 10 minutes walk of each other, and under one Committee of management), were examined in their separate school-rooms. About 120 children were present in each school-room. After the examination in the ordinary elementary subjects, which was highly satisfactory, the whole of the children met in the North Street School-room, and partook of tea and coffee. Several of the children recited pieces from memory, and the whole of the children sang several of their school songs and hymns.

It is no ordinary sight to see 240 children of such a class behaving as they did. With but few exceptions these children came to the schools not knowing their letters; but, by the patience of the teachers, and the good method they adopt in the school, many can now read very fairly, and a few can write, and the whole prove by their answers and general conduct that they are being well trained for the present life; and a good hope is inspired that by the agency of these schools the Spirit of God will fit them for the life to come.

An equally pleasing meeting was held in the Cudworth School-room a few evenings previous, when about 70 of the elder boys and girls attending the Evening Ragged School took tea together.

DOVE ROW RAGGED SCHOOL.

On Wednesday evening, February 17th, a lecture on "Slave Life" was delivered in the Dove Row Ragged School-room, by the Rev. P. M. Johnson, M.R.C.S., a coloured gentleman, formerly a slave in Virginia. The Rev. Thomas Sisson, of Hackney College, presided. The room was crowded, a large number being unable to obtain admission.

The lecturer in a most interesting and pathetic manner described the horrors of slavery, making special allusions to the life of his mother and her family of seven children, of whom he was the youngest son, and detailing the particulars of his escape from slavery and his subsequent career in Britain, including his studies in connection with a medical institution in Edinburgh, where he had been successful in obtaining an honourable degree. At the conclusion of the lecture, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer.

Evangelical Christendom:

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CONDUCTED BY

MEMBERS OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

THE object of EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM has been to promote intimate and affectionate acquaintance amongst Christians throughout the world, awakening their interest in one another's welfare, apprising them of the special work which many of them at this moment are doing, and bespeaking sympathy for others in the difficulties or dangers by which they are surrounded.

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Up to the present time the result has been the production of SEVENTEEN VOLUMES OF CONTEMPORARY RELIGIOUS HISTORY, such as

have had no precedent in the annals of Christian Literature, and which will be indispensable to every future historian of the Church of Christ, as well as the establishment of a Periodical which is recognised as the readiest and surest medium of intercommunication betwixt the far-scattered members of the Christian Family.

For such a messenger of the Churches there is now greater need than ever. The very success of the Gospel is calling for further sacrifice on the part of those that love the Lord Jesus, and it is stirring up many adversaries. The "faith once delivered to the saints" is assailed with new weapons and new tactics, and persistent attempts are made to replace by another gospel God's great message of mercy to mankind; whilst the conflicts in the New World, and the threatened convulsions in the Old, call anew to Christians to realise their heavenly citizenship and put forth fresh efforts for the extension of that kingdom which cannot be moved, and which is "righteousness, peace, and joy."

To meet the requirement of the times, it is our purpose to supply DEFENCES OF THE COMMON FAITH against the modern neologies and infidelities; but, with a profound conviction that the great requirement of the present, as of all times, is a more exalted standard of actual Christianity, it is intended to give prominence to such themes as may, with the Divine blessing, promote "a closer walk with God"—a nearer approximation of Christian conduct to Christian profession: nor will our

readers grudge those PRACTICAL PAPERS which, in the spirit of meekness, endeavour to point out existing defects or to enforce present duty.

From time to time "burning and shining lights," which have attracted the eye of Christendom, are transferred to another firmament. Of these we shall supply, whilst their memory is still recent, authentic BIOGRAPHIES.

The present year is the tercentenary of the death of the illustrious Reformer, JOHN CALVIN. To the characteristics of his mind and his specific services a series of articles is dedicated by an eloquent and highly-accomplished man of letters.

As far as our limits permit, every noteworthy contribution to CHRISTIAN LITERATURE, whether British or Foreign, will be recorded and characterised, or fully reviewed when the occasion requires.

During the present year our FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE is likely to possess unusual interest. To the communications from France, Italy, Germany, and the United States, we invite special attention, and we venture to hope that our MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE will be found tolerably exempt from that routine or formal character which is sometimes associated with it.

It is earnestly hoped that, by the wider diffusion of this journal here and abroad, it may help to warm the heart and expand the view of many a Christian household, and thus speed onward the work of that great community to which, under its glorious Head, the world's welfare is consigned.

CONTENTS.

JANUARY.

The Alliance, and What it has Done.
A World upon Wheels.
The Calvin Commemoration.
Fault-finders and Heresy-hunters.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—Clerical Invectives against England Redoubled—How the Pope Accepts the Plan of a General Congress—The New Liturgy in Honour of the Immaculate Virgin—Popular Education and Ecclesiastical Schoolmasters — Abduction of a Young Protestant Girl at Lyons—The Synodal Question in the Reformed Churches — Mr. Richard Weaver in Paris.

ITALY.—Italy Struggling into Light — Evangelization in Milan — Don Ambrogio: his Imprisonment and his Popularity—Education in Milan —Lectures by Professor Oddo—The Upper Classes—Caravaggio—Parma, Cremona, and Ferrara—Como: a Remarkable Incident — Religious Liberty — Alleged Important Project by Garibaldi—Religious Movements in Piedmont and Lombardy—Southern Italy: an Observer's Testimony — Increase of Anti-Papal Feeling — Projected Legislation — Neapolitan Education — Revolt in the Monasteries — Papal Policy, Mariolatry, Missions, &c.

GERMANY.—The Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Germany—Ecclesiastical Agitation in Hanover—Dissensions in the Roman Catholic Church.

TURKEY.—Visit to Kuzzelbash Koords.

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The New Dean of Westminster—The New Regius Professor at Oxford—The Deanery of Lincoln—Puseyite Doings of the Church Union.

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Greece — Syria — Turkey — Persia — India — China — Borneo — North-Eastern Africa—Western Africa—South Africa — Madagascar — New Zealand—Polynesia.

LITERATURE.

Dr. Brown on the Four Gospels, &c.

MONTHLY RETROSPECT.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Week of Prayer—Monthly Meeting for Prayer — Tercentenary of Calvin's Death—The Appeal of Matamoros to the Cortes—Religious Persecution in Poland and Russia—Canada —Oroomiah.

FEBRUARY.

What Israel Ought to Do.
Ten Years of Indian Missions.
The Late Pastor Frederic Monod, D.D.
Early Years of John Calvin.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—A Retrospective Glance at our Religious Position—Pastoral of the Bishop of Montauban—Another Appeal for St. Peter's Pence—Publication of a Remarkable Book Denounced in the Senate—Death of Pastor Frederic Monod—Protestant Bible Society—Young Tahitians in France—German Mission at Lyons.

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The Week of Prayer—The Bishopric of Ely—The New Dean of Westminster — The Cardross Case—The National Bible Society of Scotland.

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Persia — India — Ceylon—China — Madagascar — South Africa — Western Africa—West Indies—Polynesia.

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Thornewill, Miss	1	0	0
Tippings, Miss	2	0	0
Toller, Wm., Esq.	0	10	0
Tomkyns, Miss	0	10	0
Trench, Rev. Francis	5	0	0
Tuckett, Miss Gertrude	1	1	0
Turner, Sir Edward P.	5	0	0
Turner, Miss Page	5	0	0
Tweedy, Misses E. & C.	5	0	0
Valliant, Lady	1	1	0
Van Heythuysen, Major	1	0	0
Vane, Mr. W.	2	0	0
Von Orlech, Madame	3	0	0
V. T. (Walmer)	0	5	0
Vulliamy, L., Esq.	10	0	0
Vyvyan, Mrs.	2	10	0
Ward, Mrs. J.	2	0	0
Waller, Rev. S. R.	2	0	0
Wallington, Lieut.-Col.	1	1	0
Walters, Miss C.	2	3	0
Wastell, Miss	5	0	0
Wastell, Rev. J. D.	3	0	0
Watson, Miss	1	0	0
Watson, Rev. H. W.	1	1	0
Waugh, Mr. & Mrs. G.	5	0	0
W. E. P.	10	0	0
Wellwisher	0	5	0
Westminster, The Marquis of	100	0	0
White, Miss E.	1	14	7
Widow, A	1	0	0
Wigram, F. S., Esq.	2	2	0
Wilkinson, The Misses S. & F.	6	6	0
Wilkinson, Mr. E.	0	10	0
Williams, Miss A. R.	1	10	0
Wimbush, Joshua, Esq.	2	0	0
Windle, Miss J.	1	0	0
Winn, Mrs.	0	5	0
Wood, J. C., Esq.	10	0	0
Woodburn, Mrs.	10	0	0
Worfolk, Mrs.	1	0	0
Wrey, Mrs.	2	12	0
W. W.	0	10	0
Yarborough, Mrs. L. C.	2	0	0
Yarde, Messrs., & Son	1	0	0
Z.	2	10	0
Z. Z.	2	10	0

Excursion Fund.

Gascoigne, Mrs.	0	2	6
Mexborough, Dowager Countess of	3	0	0

Emigration Fund.

Passmore, Miss	1	1	0
W. v. Sterni	10	0	0
Wright, Mrs. W.	1	0	0

Refuge Fund.

Lys, Rev. J. T.	5	0	0
Mexborough, Dowager Countess of	2	0	0
Passmore, Miss	1	1	0

School Fund.

Albert Street.

Sperling, John, Esq.	5	0	0

Bluegate Fields.

Anonymous	0	10	0
Anonymous	0	5	0
B. S. F.	5	0	0
Fisher, Mr. H.	1	10	0
F. L.	1	0	0
Friends at Hampstead	1	0	0
McKerrell, W., Esq.	10	0	0
Pearson, M. A.	0	5	0
Raine, Miss, & Friend	2	0	0
Sperling, J., Esq.	5	0	0
Thankoffering from a Clergyman	1	0	0

Charles Street.

Ripley, Miss	0	5	0

Cripples Home.

Mexborough, Dowager Countess of	5	0	0
Passmore, Miss	1	1	0
Wright, Mrs. W.	0	10	0

Church Place.

Frere, Hatley, Esq.	2	2	0

Coburg Row.

Charteris, Lady	1	1	0

Exeter Buildings.

Moss, Miss	1	0	0

Female Preventive.

Drinkwater, Mr.	0	10	0
Shakerley, Dow. Lady	5	0	0

Fitzroy Market.

Two Friends	0	10	0

Field Lane.

Anonymous	1	0	0
Collected by a Lady from Y.	0	19	4
F. L.	1	0	0
Griffin, Miss	0	5	0
Hill, Mrs.	2	2	0
Hughes, W. H., Esq.	5	0	0
J. P.	0	3	6
Passmore, Miss	1	1	0
Ripley, Miss	1	0	0
Wright, Mrs.	0	10	0

Golden Lane.

Ripley, Miss	0	10	0

George Yard.

Bastard, P., Mr.	2	0	0
Lady, per Earl of Shaftesbury	10	0	0

Grotto Passage.

Burfoot, Mrs.	1	1	0

George Street.

Frere, Hatley, Esq.	2	2	0
Wilkie, Rev. James	1	1	0

Holloway.

Spawforth, Mr.	4	0	0

Little Saffron Hill.

Macklin, Mrs.	0	10	0
Robertson, W., Esq.	5	0	0
Wilkie, Rev. James	1	1	0

Lamb and Flag.

Wright, Mrs. W.	0	10	0

Lisson Street.

Burfoot, Mrs.	1	1	0

New Nichol Street.

Robson, W. F., Esq.	2	0	0

North Street.

A. L. Z.	2	0	0

Ogle Mews.

Charteris, Lady	1	1	0

Playhouse Yard.

Ripley, Miss	0	10	0
Watts, Captain	1	10	0

Ratcliff.

Bastard, Mrs. P.	2	0	0

Ragged Church and Chapel Union.

Wright, Mrs. W.	0	10	0

Rag Brigade.

Routh, Rev. J. O.	0	10	0

Spicer Street.

Lewis, Mr. W.	1	0	0

St. Giles's.

Bury, Mrs. (Basket)			
E. L.	1	1	0
Marsh, Ann	2	0	0
Surrage, J., Esq.	1	1	0
Wilkie, Rev. James	1	1	0

Webber Row.

Sabine, Gen., and Mrs.	0	10	0

York Mews.

Spawforth, Mr.	2	0	0
Wright, Mrs. W.	0	10	0

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5 ft. " "	. . . . .	3	5 0
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